

The Washington Times

EDGAR D. SHAW, Publisher.
Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C.
Published Every Evening (Including Sundays) By the
Washington Times Company, Munsey building, Pennsylvania Ave.
Subscription Rates: 1 Year (Inc. Sundays), \$7.00; 3 Months, \$1.75; 1 Month, 60c.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1917.

Regulate the Price of Corn and
Choke the Speculators

Now That the Food Bill Is Passed, This Should Be Government's First Work.

A group of American business men published recently in the Washington Post and in The Washington Times an appeal to Government concerning the rapidly mounting price of corn. These business men pointed out in their carefully prepared statement that the normal price of corn is three-fifths the price of wheat. In other words, while wheat sells for two dollars a bushel, corn normally SHOULD sell for one dollar and twenty cents a bushel.

The Government proposes to fix a minimum price of two dollars a bushel for wheat. It should also fix a MAXIMUM price for these products.

The farmer is interested in the MINIMUM. The public, with the high price of living and no increased income, is interested in the MAXIMUM price.

Whiskey men are speculating in corn. This speculation means that it is expensive to feed cattle. Farmers kill calves rather than raise them, kill milking cows and sell them for beef rather than feed them.

Speculation in corn which has fixed a criminal price means not merely thousands of millions taken from the public by speculation in ONE CROP, but other thousands of millions that must be spent when the price of corn rises. And worst of all an extravagant price for corn caused by the gamblers means LESS FOOD in addition to food at higher prices.

Poultry men depend on a fixed price for corn—to change the price makes every man who produces eggs and poultry charge more and drives many out of business, a loss that cannot be repaired.

Gamblers' price for corn means eggs at 70 cents a dozen in summer, means higher price for beef, pork and milk.

And gamblers' prices for corn mean inevitably higher prices for the various prepared foods in which corn is essential and upon which so many families rely.

Government investigates and prevents conspiracies that increase the price of coal.

The corn crop means more to the American people than coal production.

Gamblers increasing the cost of corn should be punished as are the coal conspirators. And Government commissions should fix and establish maximum prices for corn, as they do for coal and other absolute necessities.

The group of important business men whose published protest against corn gambling is put before the Government in Washington sets an example to other business men in the country.

To put what you have to say in plain, forcible well-written English and publish it where every Government official MUST see it is good judgment—if you have sound arguments to offer, as the business men in this case have.

The old method of lobbying and buttonholing Senators and Congressmen is out of date except for such propositions as will not bear the light of open publicity.

Discontent the Motive Power of
Progress

At first the baby lies flat on his back, eyes staring up at the ceiling.

By and by he gets tired of lying on his back. DISCONTENT with his condition makes him wriggle and wriggle. At last he succeeds in turning over.

If he were contented then, there would be no men on earth—only huge babies. But DISCONTENT again seizes him, and through discontent he learns to crawl.

Crawling—traveling on hands and knees—satisfied lower forms of animal life. It used to satisfy us, in the old days of early evolutionary stages.

But the human infant—thanks to inborn craving—is DISCONTENTED with crawling. With much trouble and risk and many feeble totterings, he learns to walk erect. He gets up into a position that takes his eyes off the ground. He is able to look at the sun and stars and takes the position of a man. DISCONTENT is his mainspring at every stage.

What discontent does in the limited life of a child, it does on a much larger scale in the life of a man—and on a scale still larger in the life of a race.

You can always tell when a man has reached the limit of his possible development. He ceases to be discontented—or at least to show discontent actively.

Contentment, apathy, are signs of decadence and of a career ended in either a man or a nation.

If a baby lies still, no longer wriggling or trying to swallow his toe, you may be sure that he is seriously ill. The nation that no longer wriggles is in a condition as serious as that of the motionless infant.

The man or newspaper which imparts dissatisfaction—wise discontent to a nation or to individuals, gives them the motive power that brings improvement.

Raskin as a young man declared that his one hope in life was to arouse "some dissatisfaction."

The constant aim of men in talking to each other, in

(Continued at Bottom of Last Column.)

A Hint to Suffragettes



Instead of annoying and insulting the President, go up to the Capitol and concentrate on the Senate and the House. You will find up there old gentlemen very different from President Wilson. The Senate will do anything you say if you nag them as the old ladies of the Anti-Saloon League did. Try it, and stop bothering the President.

Must We Wait For This? - By Raemaekers



This was done to Canadians by the Huns; will AMERICA wait to see it done to her soldiers before waking up to the entire earnestness of the war?

LAST WORD TO BUYERS

To shoppers and all buyers in Washington, The Sunday Times says THE LAST WORD. The last thing read on Sunday evening, the first thing remembered Monday morning by the careful housewife, the thoughtful buyer, is WASHINGTON SUNDAY TIMES ADVERTISEMENTS. Merchants and other advertisers find the LAST chance and the BEST chance to impress the public buying mind on Sunday, in The Sunday Evening Times—the home paper.

Mable Dodge Writes
ON
The Growth of Love

Self-Love.
Object Love.

SHAKESPEARE, seeing man playing his life out on the stage of the world, says: "His acts being seven ages: At first the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms. Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school. And then the lover, sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad. Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier, full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard. Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel, Seeking the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice, in fair round belly, with good capon lined. With eyes severe and beard of formal cut. Full of wise saws and modern instances: And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts Into the lean and slippered pantaloon. With spectacles on nose and pouch on side. His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide For his shrunken shank; and his big manly voice, Turning again toward childish treble, pipes And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all, That ends this strange eventful history, In second childishness and mere oblivion, Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

But the active part of these seven periods in a man's life may be roughly divided into three different stages of the growth of love.

The first is the period of self-love.

The second is the period of object-love.

The third is the period of the love of humanity.

I will try to tell you the characteristics of these and you can see where you are in the scale, because these three periods are not confined to the years of a man, but to the spiritual age. So it happens that some men of sixty are still in the first self-love stage, while some (rare!) boys of sixteen, developed beyond their years, are in the third love stage.

THE GREAT URGE.

The driving-force in the universe has been called by many names, but they all mean the same thing. Forward-going life; growth; development; evolution. Bergson calls it the "elan vital" which freely translated means the dash for life.

When it is blocked in man or woman they become unproductive, nervous invalids, and when its direct path is blocked and it finds a side track for an outlet, its forward-going purpose is thwarted and it makes dreadful failures of people; a turning from the true end—a misapplication.

I will tell you in another article some of the ways science has found to sublime or sublimate the perverted sidetracked life force, when it gets blocked.

Today I will tell you something of the three great laps in the human race.

The first thing a baby notices is himself. He notices this close inspection of himself for thirteen or fourteen years. His interest is centered on his small person, which he seems to behold with an astonished delight.

Haven't you seen a baby watching his own fingers move—an expression of quizzical surprise on his face—as much as to say: "Those are funny little things! I wonder where they came from?"

Or he is passionately absorbed in sucking his thumb! What enviable concentration! When he grows and sublimates this act—what force and value in such close attention!

Love of Humanity.
What is Your Love?

And what diligence he shows in filling up his little stomach! What punctuality! He is absorbed in making his body grow day by day—he gives himself to his task with complete devotion. Nothing else counts for him. All the universe seems to him to revolve slowly for his benefit, bringing him in rhythmic periods what he needs to build himself up. So he goes on directing the life force in him until he has his body and his brain ready to enter on the second phase of love.

All he has done has been done through love: love of himself.

OBJECT-LOVE.

Next he enters upon a long period of experience. He learns what it is to love something outside of himself. At fourteen or along there he sees for the first time the girl who lives next door. Of course, he has seen her for years without really seeing her.

One day the scales fall from his eyes, and he notes her long curls and her blue eyes. His soul reaches out to her shyly—in an agony of wistful surprise; a different kind from the humorous surprise he felt when he first noticed his fingers.

"Ah! how beautiful! How strange and wonderful a girl! I wonder where she ever came from?"

The same wonder—the same mystery—always from the beginning to the end—driving us on to know.

He has seen and fallen in love with something outside of himself. This, as you may have noticed, goes on in varying forms for a long time in men's lives. Some of them never get over it.

They marry and reproduce themselves, and the life force in them, more sublime than when in its infancy, urges them to find food for other little mouths, and finds its outlet in working hard to build up other little lives; works as it did for itself; loving and building outside itself.

This is object-love, seen at its highest in family life.

The next progression is in the awakening of the sense of "all the others."

Once this consciousness dawns on man it has him; he can never forget it or rest in peace until he does something about it!

Other loves he may outgrow or forsake, but this one never.

Again the scales fall from his eyes, and he sees humanity—he sees himself as the cell in a great body and his family a unit in a great human family. This is the third, imperative call to building.

With a new wonder he sees a new beauty and gives himself together, and with fresh energy and enthusiasm, he sets out to serve and work for his third and last love—the irrevocable love of humanity! Young and beautiful and always in the making.

These three loves are sometimes called self-consciousness, social-consciousness, and cosmic consciousness.

WISDOM OF HINDOO.

Of these stages in a man's life the Hindoos have said:

Twenty years for love—

Twenty years for the family, and

Twenty years for the path."

From this description you get a picture of the life force in man, swinging around in great, ever-enlarging spiral circles of love.

Always love.

But love on higher and higher levels, and wider and wider the circles.

I have only told you of three cycles in the life of man.

Discontent the Motive Power of
Progress

(Continued from First Column.)

writing for newspapers, even in writing novels, should be to arouse discontent.

In this column, as our readers will have noticed, the constant aim is to make the great crowd dissatisfied.

Only through discontent can changes come—and are there not causes enough for discontent and need enough for changes?

A majority of the people half educated, and tens of thousands half fed.

Children run over daily because they have no playground but the gutter.

Men of noble aspirations kept down by hard work and poverty.

Children left locked up alone all day, while their mothers work for a pittance.

Men, uncertain of their future and of their children's future, engage in a constant struggle for wealth that is not needed—a struggle that develops in the end a passion as useless as it is degrading.

Unless you believe that the world is perfect because YOU happen to have enough to eat and to wear, you should be discontented.

You should remember that the world's achievements and great changes have all come from discontent, and you should be, in as many ways as possible, a breeder of discontent among the human beings around you.